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# ENGLAND'S WELCOME

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS



*The very Heart will melt itself away  
Unless replenished with the genial ray  
Of Love's enduring summer . . .*

THE

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA,

OF

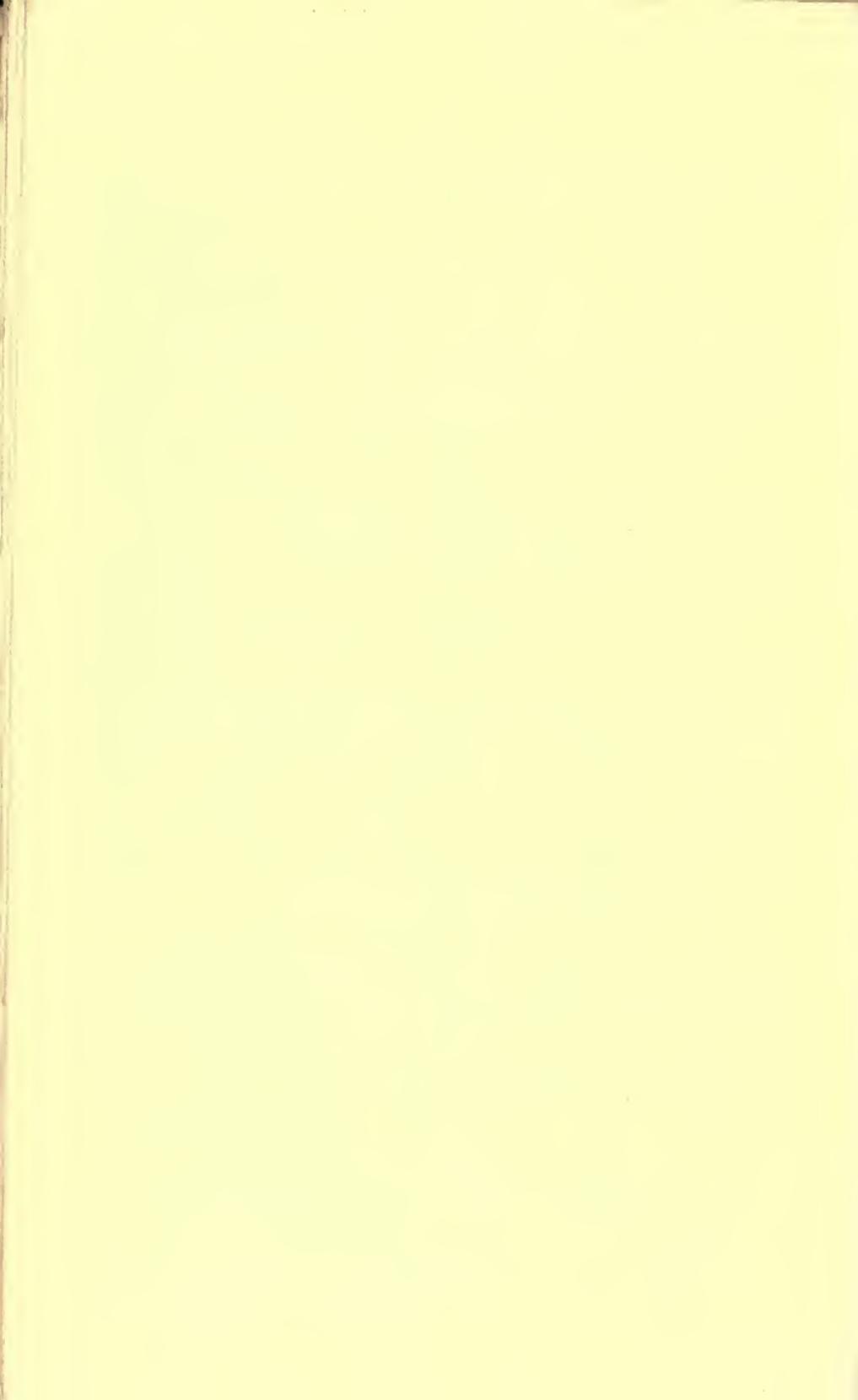
DENMARK,

ON THE 7<sup>TH</sup> MARCH, 1863.

Windsor:

PRINTED BY W. F. TAYLOR, 13, HIGH STREET.

1863.



1. **A**LL England waits to give you  
A WELCOME to our shore,  
And with such *Hope* receive you  
No Princess raised before.
2. One *Thought* has seized the people,—  
One Impulse sways their mind :—  
From balustrade and steeple,  
It is eddying on the wind :—
3. From out triumphal Arches,  
With Standards side by side :  
In the swelling mass that marches  
Like a mighty human tide :—
4. In the booming of the cannon,  
In the peal of merry bells ;  
From the mighty Thames to Shannon,  
From Caithness to Cornish fells ;—
5. In a thousand ways 'tis spoken,  
By ten thousand thousands more,  
Whose lusty cheers betoken,  
You are *Welcome* to our shore.
6. For the Nations heart is swelling  
With the warmth of holy *Thought*,—  
How best to make our dwelling  
Worth the Princess we have sought.

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7. **A** thousand years have gone  
Since your Danish sires came,  
And by their valour won  
The British Diadem.

8. Yet the Crown by *Battle* gained  
 By that armed and mailéd host,  
 But a period was sustained,  
 And then in *Battle* lost !

9. Once again the nations meet,  
 And their shout is heard afar ;  
 But their *arms* are at their feet,  
 And the shout is not of war.

10. There is music in the strain,—  
 There is mirth on every face ;  
 For a Maiden leads the train  
 As the symbol-soul of Peace !

11. Come, Alexandra, come,  
 Our willing homage move,—  
 Make Britain your *abiding Home*  
 By a *Victory of Love* !

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12. ~~W~~ HOUGH you have left Relations  
 Round DENMARK's stately throne ;  
 Though Youth's associations  
 Seem broken up and gone :

13. The farewell you have taken  
 Can scarce a sigh have wrung,—  
 No Friend need be forsaken,  
 No kindred tie unstrung.

14. No, no, we would not sever  
 Affection's filial chain,  
 But bid you bind it ever  
 Round the hearts you come to gain.—

15. 'As dutiful the Daughter,  
     As true in daily life,  
     So sure will she hereafter  
     Become as fond a wife.'

16. So runs our strong conviction :—  
     Nor shall we prize you less  
     That in your valediction  
     You wept such *tenderness*.

17. As robes the Eastern sky  
     In the roseate tints of morn,  
     A message will each hue supply  
     From the Land where you were born.

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18. **Y**OUR Beauty wakes our pleasure,  
     With the sweetness of your mind ;  
     Still, still our chiefest treasure  
     Is the *Heart* in you we find.

19. And as its pulses glow,  
     Our own will madly fly ;  
     Whilst every feeling leaps to show  
     It's kindling sympathy.

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20. **O**UR *Nation* longs to love you  
     With ardent heart and hand ;  
     And with one voice approve you,  
     First Daughter of the Land.

21. The Host that comes to greet you  
     Are types of those away :  
     The cheers that rise to greet you,  
     Swell every wind to-day.

22. The Mighty and the Lowly,  
    The Feeble and the Strong,  
Catch up, with impulse holy  
    The universal song,—

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23. *¶* GOD bless you and anoint you  
    “With grace for joys to come,  
“And in our hearts appoint you  
    “A splendid happy Home.

24. “For England longs to love you,  
    With ardent heart and hand ;  
“And with one voice approve you,  
    “First Daughter of the Land.

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25. *¶* HERE are Virgins come to trace  
    In early Spring-tide Flowers,  
Your foot’s first resting-place  
    Upon this Isle of ours.

26. And o’er your gentle head  
    They’ll wave the garlands gay,  
And all their fragrance shed,  
    Like incense on your way.

27. 'Tis thus we would express  
    Our love of Virtue’s ways,  
And robe *you* in that loveliness  
    Her presence aye portrays.

28. For in the action lies  
    This sentiment and more,—  
That He who every gift supplies  
    May sweeten all your store.

29. **O**UR Empire has its limits,  
 But not that countless host,  
 Whose ruling thought exhibits  
 But a care to serve you most.

30. The Station we assign you  
 Is close beside our Queen,  
 Whose counsels will incline you  
*To be loved as she has been.*

31. O listen to her story,  
 As Princess, Queen, and Wife ;  
 Then the halo of her glory  
 Will illuminate *your* life.

32. Yea, the coronet you wear,  
 The more brilliant will become,  
 By the perfect grace you bear  
 In England's Royal Home.

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33. **B**UT love our Prince and cherish  
 His first rich love and true ;  
 So ne'er that love will perish  
 Which now we pour on you.

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34. **G**OD bless your love and union,  
 It's stream each morn renew ;  
 And grant you that communion  
 Which brings high Heaven in view.

35. For England *longs* to love you,  
 With faithful heart and hand  
 And with one voice approve you  
 Right WELCOME to our land.

